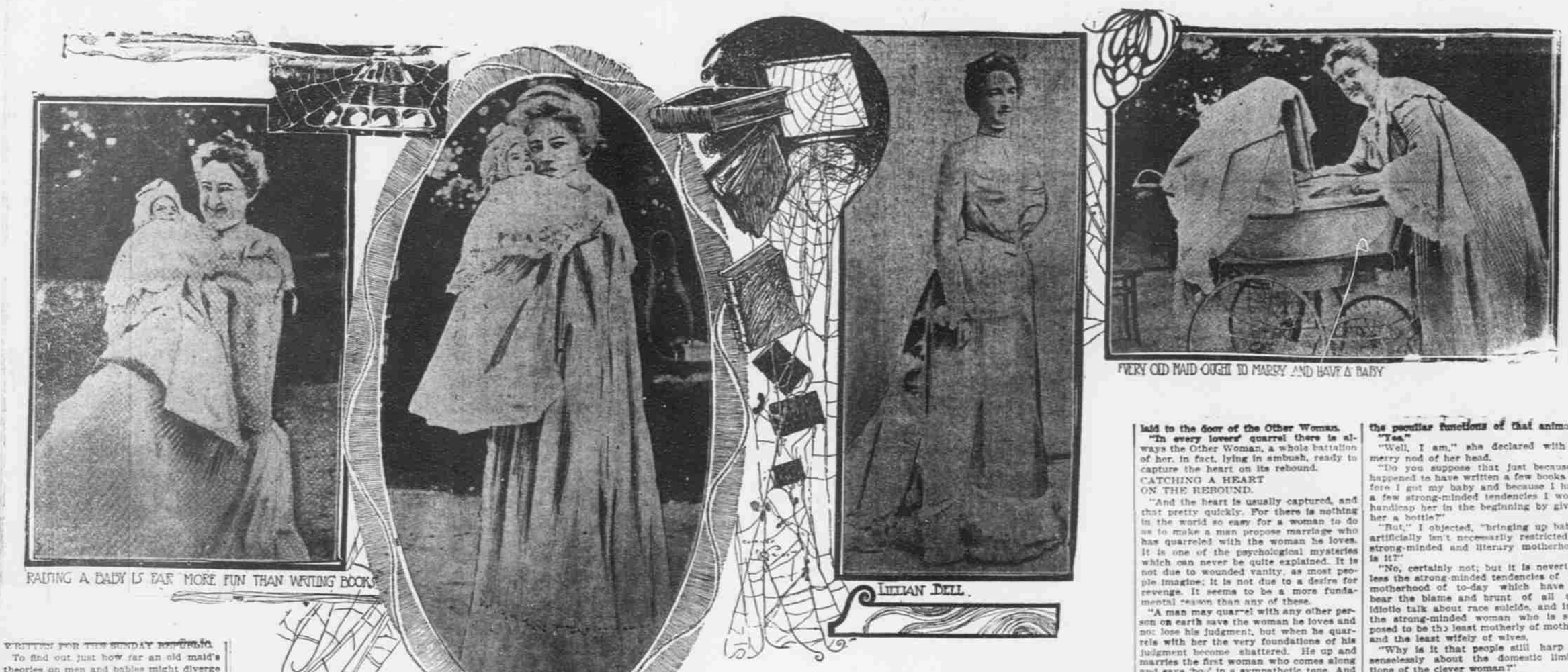
THE OLD MAID'S INFANT AND HOW TO RAISE IT.

BY LILLIAN BELL.

Celebrated Authoress Believes in Fresh Air, Cuddling and Plenty of "Baby Talk."



RAISING A BABY IS FAR MORE FUN THAN WRITING BOOKS.

WE BELIEVE IN CUDDLING

LILLIAN BELL.

EVERY OLD MAID OUGHT TO MARRY AND HAVE A BABY

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

To find out just how far an old maid's theories on men and babies might diverge from the actual experiences of a wife and mother, and to discover, incidentally, if possible, any analogies between the hypothesis of yesterday and the fact of today—these were my excuses for making a pop call on Miss Lillian Bell—that was.

Miss Bell is an authority on these matters—an authority from both points of view.

She was an old maid; she is now Mrs. Arthur Bogue. She was a lone creature, with neither chick nor child to call her own.

Now she has a baby. And it is her baby.

It is just ten years ago that "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" made its appearance.

In this book, which was the first of Lillian Bell's many volumes, she not only expressed her views on matrimony and bringing up children in general, but she laid bare the psychology of spinsterhood.

With scalpel and knife she dissected her subject—sometimes not tenderly, often perhaps, a little irreverently, but always with the unerring precision and infinitesimal accuracy of the skilled vivisectionist.

With a glittering array of epigrammatic lances and divers other surgico-literary instruments, the very soul of the old maid was bared to whomsoever, and especially to himsoever, who might read.

The book was popular, and deservedly so. Not, however, so much account of its cleverness, as because of its sincerity.

For "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" bore the unmistakable signs of a human document.

Even the least sophisticated of Miss Bell's readers had to smile at the author's ingenuous confession that she was 30 and loved cats—and tea!

Of course she was! To be sure she did!

Nobody ever dreamed of disputing the only too evident fact that the woman who wrote would never see 23 again. Were not the earmarks of a spinster hand on every page? Stupid!

Who could not read between the lines?

CONCLUSIONS TO BE DRAWN FROM THE BOOK.

There needed, alas! no Delphic oracle for interpreting the subtleties of that delicate tracery.

After reading that book nothing could possibly convince us that we had not witnessed a psychological suicide; that poor Lillian Bell had not plunged the dissecting knife into the soul of her own spinsterhood.

Accordingly, we felt sorry, and our sorrow was deepened by the consciousness that it all might have turned out so differently had only the right man appeared.

And, in due course of time, perhaps, maybe, possibly—the Baby.

These speculations, inevitable at the book's reading and perhaps forgotten in the lapsed years, are brought vividly to the memory to-day as one approaches the Bogue residence from the Tarrytown highway.

We knew by the papers of three years ago that the author had married a nice young man, and the tinkle of a cow bell and the flash of a lace canopied perambulator among the trees spoke eloquently of the realization of even an Old Maid's wildest dreams.

Out of a brown cottage that is almost hidden among the giant apple trees a tall, determined-looking lady in a pale-blue tea gown, comes to the rescue and drives away the cow with a stick.

While she soundly reprimands the nursegirl for having deserted the perambulator even for a moment, I see that the lady's dark hair wears just a touch of gray, and that, although the words of her reproof are severe, there is a good-humored flash in her very black eyes—a flash that turns to something gentler than the gentlest good humor as she tenderly lifts a little white bundle from out the billows of lace and ribbon.

In a very soft voice she dismisses the nurse, and then we sit down to talk—here under the trees—to talk of old maids and wives, of men and of babies, with the tinkle-tinkle of the cow bell in the other end of the orchard for an accompaniment.

"I believe every old maid ought to marry and have a baby," and with this declaration Mrs. Bogue set the conversational ball rolling.

WOMEN WHO ARE DESTINED TO LIVE UNMARRIED.

"But possibly every old maid may not be so fortunate as yourself," I ventured. "Besides, some women are destined to live and die unmarried."

"Never!" declared she of the book, decisively, bending her head to chirrup to the Baby.

Whereupon I produced a much-underlined copy of the book itself and read that which was penned on the eve of the lady's thirtieth year:

"It is not my fault that I am an old maid. I was cut out for one. All my tendencies point that way. I always liked cats—and tea!"

"I know I said it," she admitted, "but an old maid will say lots of things which marriage, and sometimes even the possibility of marriage, makes her willing to recant."

She chirruped again to the Baby.

"Then your views have materially changed in ten years?"

"Yes and no," she replied, laughing. "It is all a matter of misunderstanding things; perhaps I might say of misunderstanding one's own real self. Now, ten years ago I had a creed that I pinned all my faith to."

"What was that creed?" I asked.

"Self-sufficiency," came the prompt answer.

"Self-sufficiency, the basic principle always of spinsterhood. Why, ten years ago I didn't think I needed any other personality than my own to make me happy. It was an idea which, I believe, comes to every woman who finds herself unmarried at 30.

"She has an idea, because she has perhaps outgrown the infatuations of the preceding ten years, that love is a sort of recurrent epidemic, like the grip, for instance, which makes one very miserable but scarcely ever sick enough to justify calling the doctor."

"But!" I exclaimed, aghast at the coldly philosophic way with which my hostess compared these two great Ills of humanity. "But people often die of grip!"

"But never of love," came the quick retort, as she turned the Baby on its stomach across her knee and proceeded to smooth out the wrinkles of the tiny cloak.

"Perhaps not. But you can't deny that love often leaves its victims confirmed invalids for the rest of their lives, like—like—the grip."

"OTHER WOMAN" WHO SO OFTEN CAUSES TROUBLE.

"True. But only when complications set in." Sue of the book lifted her eyes from the Baby and with a significant smile continued:

"It isn't the disease itself but the complications that are likely to ensue that make love, like the grip, such a dangerous ailment.

"It is the Other Woman that does the mischief.

"If the Other Woman would only let men alone constancy would be less of a hollow mockery, and there would be fewer old maids in the world."

"What about the Other Man?" I asked.

"He doesn't seriously exist; he has no place whatsoever in the economy of love.

"Fully one-half of the old maids of this world owe their estate to 'other women.' And certainly one-half the married women of the earth owe their husbands either to old maids or to the wives of other men."

I laughed aloud at this topsy-turvy state of human society, and Lillian Bell laughed too—laughed so heartily that the Baby, who had had its blue eyes fastened intently upon a shifting and golden disk of sunshine on the grass, now turned its tiny head and peered up in innocent wonderment as to what it was all about.

"Now, isn't that just too cunning for anything, and in a baby only 3 weeks old?" exclaimed the mother, now lapsing into that unintelligible dialect which only mothers and babes can understand.

"And do you really think the mix-up is as bad as all that?"

MIXED MOTIVES THAT OFTEN LEAD TO MARRIAGE.

"What mix-up?" She had actually forgotten what we were talking about.

"The matrimonial complication? Oh, yes; I remember now. Certainly it is as bad as that. Maybe worse.

"The sooner you get it out of your head that the world and his wife are married because they couldn't possibly have existed without each other, the better.

"As a matter of fact, people marry from very mixed motives. We all have the idea when we are painfully young that of course people marry because they are so fortunate as to fall in love with each other."

"And don't they?"

"No, indeed! Very few hearts are captured right off the bat, as it were, and if statistics on the subject were possible we would stand aghast at the very great number that are caught on the rebound or on the foul.

"That is why I say that half the old maids owe their condition to other women, and half the married women owe their wifely dignities to old maids and other men's wives. Very few people marry the persons they ought to marry, or really wish to marry.

"For instance, take the lovers' quarrel. The simplest, most trifling and innocent little lovers' quarrel that ever was brewed in the course of an otherwise supremely happy courtship is capable of changing the destinies of anywhere from half a dozen to twenty persons.

"I have observed just such a wholesale upsetting of the ordained lives among my own acquaintance, and so have you, and so has everybody else.

"And the blame can nearly always be laid to the door of the Other Woman.

"In every lovers' quarrel there is always the Other Woman, a whole battalion of her, in fact, lying in ambush, ready to capture the heart on its rebound.

CATCHING A HEART ON THE REBOUND.

"And the heart is usually captured, and that pretty quickly. For there is nothing in the world so easy for a woman to do as to make a man propose marriage who has quarreled with the woman he loves. It is one of the psychological mysteries which can never be quite explained. It is not due to wounded vanity, as most people imagine; it is not due to a desire for revenge. It seems to be a more fundamental reason than any of these.

"A man may quarrel with any other person on earth save the woman he loves and not lose his judgment; but when he quarrels with her the very foundations of his judgment become shattered. He up and marries the first woman who comes along and says 'boo' in a sympathetic tone. And then the woman whom he really loves and really wanted to marry, she either makes a brave but desperate effort to hide her mortification by falling back upon the nearest available suitor and marrying him in all possible haste or else becomes an old maid."

"And how about lovers' quarrels after one is married?"

"They're infinitely worse," she answered tucking the baby into the hollow of her arm. "Quarrels, however simple their cause, are dangerous pastimes for anybody, but most of all for people who love each other. A wise girl will absolutely never quarrel with her lover under any circumstances, unless she wants to take a pretty good risk of losing him forever. And a married woman should never do so either, for, whether married or merely engaged, there is for a man always some other woman to whom he can and will turn and to whom he will not turn in vain."

A QUERY SUGGESTED BY THE COW.

The tinkle of the cow bell had been drawing nearer and nearer, telling us that the gentle beast, in her grazing peregrinations, was again approaching the forbidden precinct.

With her dainty Alderney nose hidden in the rich green pasture, she had browsed her way slowly back again to the perambulator and to the human kind, which all well-bred cows seem to love with an almost human affection.

It seemed an opportune moment to ask a most delicate and crucial question.

"Do you," I ventured, summoning all the euphemism I could command; "do you depend upon her?" looking significantly toward the cow, which now stood watching us with her big, mild, beautiful eyes, contentedly chewing her cud.

"Oh, my, yes! She is a jewel! Why, I don't think she'd so much as speak to a policeman."

"You misunderstand me," I began again; "I didn't mean the nurse maid, but the cow."

"The cow!" in surprise. "The cow! What do you—. Oh, yes! Now I see what you're driving at," she laughed. "You want to know whether I am performing the peculiar functions of that animal?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am," she declared with a merry nod of her head.

"Do you suppose that just because I happened to have written a few books before I got my baby and because I have a few strong-minded tendencies I would handicap her in the beginning by giving her a bottle?"

"But," I objected, "bringing up babies artificially isn't necessarily restricted to strong-minded and literary motherhood, is it?"

"No, certainly not; but it is nevertheless the strong-minded tendencies of the motherhood of to-day which have to bear the blame and brunt of all this idiotic talk about race suicide, and it is the strong-minded woman who is supposed to be the least motherly of mothers and the least wifely of wives.

"Why is it that people still harp so senselessly about the domestic limitations of the clever woman?"

"Why can't clever women marry and make just as good wives as more commonplace ones?"

"Can a woman not bend her cleverness to see that her house is in order, and her dinners well cooked, and the buttons sewed on?

"Do you suppose that because she knows Greek she cannot be in love?

"Do you suppose because she went through higher mathematics she never pressed a flower he gave her? Do they think that an acquaintance with biology kills blushing in a woman?

"I wonder if they think that philosophy keeps a girl from crying herself to sleep because she thinks he doesn't care for her, and if a knowledge of logic keeps her from growing idiotically glad when he tells her he does?"

SAYS MODERN "DON'TS" ARE NOT TO BE REGARDED.

Lillian Bell Bogue the Second had fallen fast asleep on her clever mother's bosom.

The nursegirl came and dropped a soft coverlet over the little dreamer, while the cow, with dainty diffidence, poked her head into the billowy depths of the perambulator.

"Do you believe in the scientific bringing up of a child?" I asked.

"Scientific nonsense! Indeed, I do not. I believe in baby talk, and I talk it to my baby. I believe in rocking, too, sometimes, and I have a cradle for my baby. I believe in cuddling, and cuddle my baby to my heart's content.

"What's the use of having a baby if you can't do all these foolish things which the club women try to teach us are unscientific and unhygienic? No, indeed; I'm going to be foolish.

"I'm going to enjoy my baby, like every mother should.

"And, moreover, when my baby gets old enough to need it and naughty enough to deserve it I shall spank her."

"You are an old-fashioned mother," I commented.

"Yes, indeed!" the Lady of the Book replied. "Whatever I have been as an Old Maid, you may depend upon it I am going to be an Old-Fashioned Mother."

And she lifted a warning finger as the nursegirl came a-tiptoeing to the delicate task of transferring sleeping babyhood.

ROBERT E. LEE'S "OLD WAR HORSE" AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO.

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, FAMOUS CONFEDERATE FIGHTER, TALKS AT MT. AIRY, GA., OF THE OLD AND THE NEW TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

General James Longstreet, the "grand old man of the Confederacy," is spending his life's peaceful winter at Mount Airy, Ga.

He was the man whose genius General Grant mostly feared, a regard for whose prowess was inspired in Grant when both were cadets at West Point, strengthened by Longstreet's services in the Mexican War and the West and more seriously to be reckoned with on the battlefields of the South.

The broad rotunda of the mountain village hotel is the peaceful background—and Longstreet approaches.

Slowly he comes, remarkably erect, looking every inch a soldier.

There is a hush to the laughter; even the orchestra seems to have respectfully timed the intermission. Southerners are loyal to their champions, Longstreet, the last of the greater ones, is very dear to them.

Eighty-two years old—what a stretch of time. Born in 1821, when he was a boy the Louisiana Purchase had been but recently consummated.

The great expansionist, Thomas Jefferson, had sown the first seed that was to make this country the power it is.

The great territory west of the Mississippi was yet a wilderness. It is a far cry from tallow dips to the blazing arc, from lumbering coaches to the fast-flying vestibule trains.

At the close of the Civil War physicians warned General Longstreet he should be very thankful to live eight years.

All of these men have crossed "the Great Divide" more than twenty-five years ago, and General Longstreet stands in the white light of a wonder-working new century.

There are few meals he misses at the public table, and though suffering greatly from an epithelioma involving his right eye, he enjoys in a measure the benefits of the splendid climate.

Always a lover of horseback riding, the deprivation of that sport is perhaps his greatest loss.

The General is very deaf and uses an ear tube. This Mrs. Longstreet carries. The arrangement is very clever, serving as a break to undesirable company.

Realizing the fatigue attendant upon long conversations I spent several days securing the opinions herein expressed, and he seemed to appreciate the consideration.

General Longstreet was asked whether it did not prove very tiresome to answer the many questions propounded to him. Wearily, he replied: "It does."

"I can only refer to history, which, rightfully recording the deeds of each, gives the same basis of comparison I enjoy."

General Longstreet always held the ability of General Grant in highest esteem. In fact, he accorded him a place in military merit not less than that of George Washington.

This weighing of the soldier-President's worth was the result that began, as did Grant's estimate of him, at West Point. As General Longstreet expresses it, Grant was "a soldier."

DID NOT UNDERRATE OPPONENTS.

One point is very pertinent. Longstreet never made the mistake so common to many of his brother officers of underrating the commanding strength of the Union leaders.

General Longstreet knew what to expect of the enemy, and prepared himself for it.

Of General Robert E. Lee he speaks in highest commendation, concedes his greatness as a military engineer and admires him for his dashing, decisive methods of fighting.

James Longstreet
Lieut. Gen. C.S.A.

A recent picture taken in his Confederate Uniform

We are more and more one people, and the investments of each section in the other will strengthen the bond so that it will become indissoluble. — General Longstreet.

From latest photograph of General Longstreet.

While near the subject of General Lee it might be interesting to repeat a little section of history, to reiterate a statement made by Lee after the battle of Gettysburg.

The significance of that three days' carnage is too well known to dwell further upon its importance to either side. On that occasion General Lee said:

"If I had taken Longstreet's advice on the eve of the second day the Confederate forces would have won that battle."

A higher tribute could scarcely be paid to the generalship of this military genius than the acknowledgment of superior strategic powers by his senior officer.

In the cool of a summer evening, finding the General comfortably ensconced in a rocking chair on the veranda, I asked him what he thought of the future of the reunited nation, assuring that a prophecy from a man who, like himself, had watched so closely the progress of the Union; would be of inestimable worth. He said:

"I am very hopeful of an increasing sympathy and understanding between the North and the South.

"What little sectionalism there was vanished in the late war.

"We are more and more one people, and the investments in commercial enterprises by each section in the other will strengthen the bond so that it will become indissoluble. With this accomplished the United States must become one of the greatest of world Powers."

Just at this time a train drew up, and from his chair the General caught sight of a company of "regulars" en route to Fort McPherson. The platform was crowded with pretty maidens, at whom the young soldiers stole many an admiring glance. General Longstreet looked at them smilingly, and then, as though his mind reverted to scenes of twoscore years ago, grimly remarked: "Soldiering isn't what it used to be."

TRIAL YET TO COME.

Hard as General Longstreet had fought, much as he had suffered the wounds of conflict, the greatest trial was yet to come.

After the guns had silenced and the dove of peace was supposed to have alighted in every American home, it was his misfortune to be misunderstood, his hardship that alleged friends and a misguided people could not fathom the depth of principle in the man.

If he was great in war he was greater in peace, and it remained for Lee's mighty "War Horse," the thunder of whose guns had echoed around the world, to display in the days of a war troubled peace a courage that outshines the deeds of Manassas, Chickamauga, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness and Gettysburg.

In 1869 President Grant appointed him Surveyor of Customs at New Orleans and had even sent his name to Congress before consulting the General about it.

After resigning that position, four years later, General Longstreet resided in the South, excepting the period spent as Minister to Turkey under President Hayes, and still later, and now his duties as Commissioner of Railroads, to which position he was called by President McKinley, necessitate his residence in Washington.

I requested General Longstreet to give me some recollections of people he had met, and in reply he referred me to something he had written some ten years before.

He referred to meeting his old nurse, "Daniel," at what was once the family home, in Macon, Miss. To quote the General:

"He calls promptly when I visit Macon and looks for something to remember you by.'

"During my last visit he seemed more concerned for me than usual, and on one of his calls asked:

"'Marse Jim, do you belong to any church?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said. 'I try to be a good Christian.'

"'Something must have scared you mighty bad to change you so from what you was when I had to care for you.'"